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# NEW ENGLAND FIRST READING

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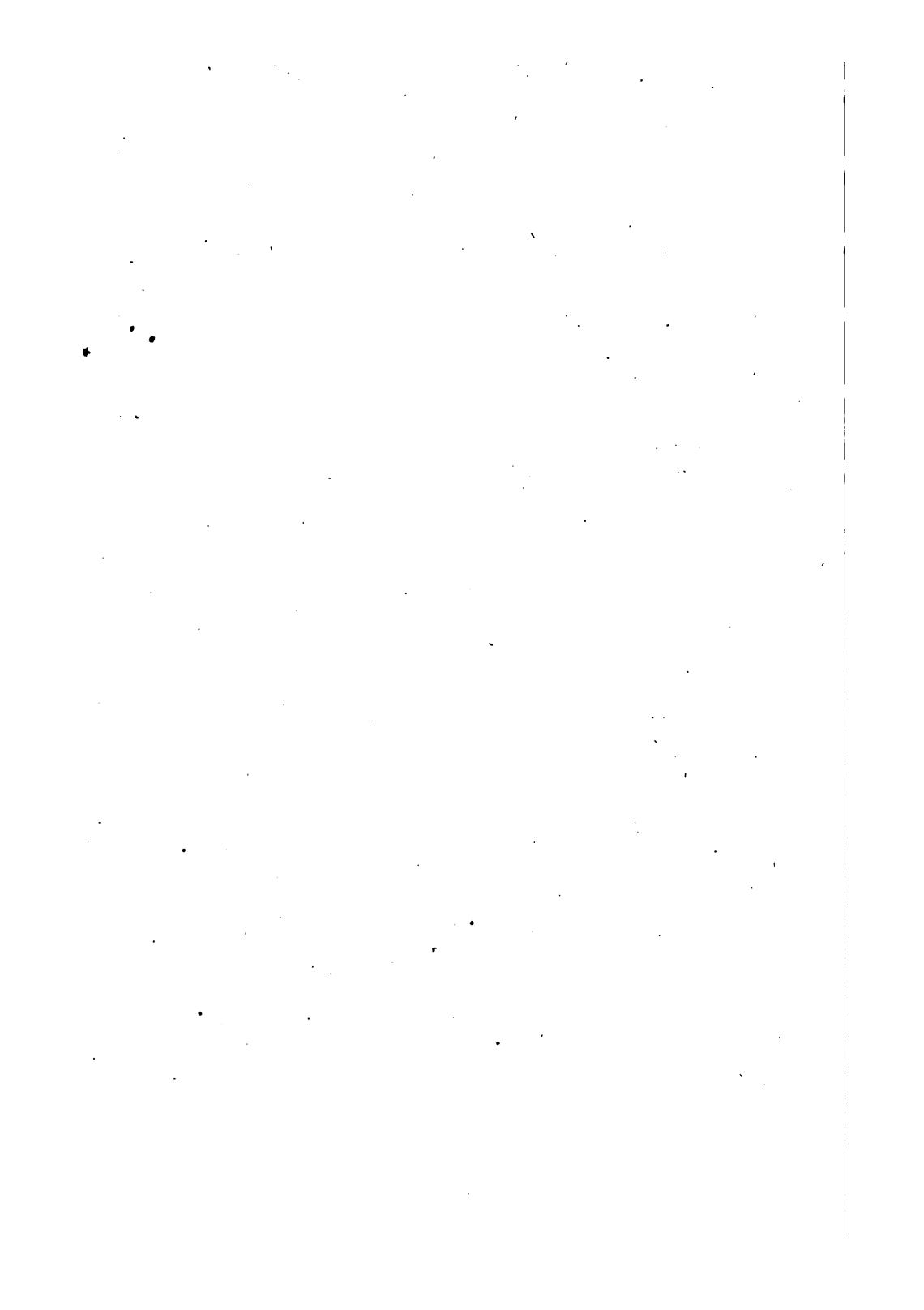
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*NEW ERA SERIES*

# FIRST READER

COMBINING OBSERVATION, SCIENCE  
AND LITERATURE

BY

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CHICAGO

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## SUGGESTIONS TO TEACHERS.

### I

Blackboard-work should always precede the First Reader. In that work let each child *do* something, then write short sentences expressing what has been done; better to have each child read his own at first. This gives expression to the motor activities, one of the strongest elements in child-life.

The change from blackboard to reader will be easily made with *this* book, for it is based upon that principle.

The preparation for the first lessons is put in as suggestive of the variety of work that may be used.

The new and most commendable features of this First Reader are briefly stated:

1. The lessons are carefully graded.
2. The subject-matter for first lessons is selected from that which is an expression of children's experiences.
3. The general lessons are upon subjects of particular interest to children of this age.
4. The season's teachings follow the school year.
5. The best literature is given for reading at first-hand.
6. Believing that myths and fables have their own place in early education, a few are given in this Reader.
7. Believing that the wrong idea of labor prevails, stories of industries are introduced.
8. Games and riddles have their place in the plan of teaching children to read.
9. Children learn to do what they want to do; the plan, then, of introducing stories to be told to them has its advantage in teaching them to want to read.
10. By no means last is the valuable provision made for expression of thought gained in every lesson read. The brush, pencil, and scissors are given their place in the education of the children, which results in added interest and development of the creative faculty.

## II

While the main object of the first year's work in reading is to create an interest in reading, do not lose sight of the fact that sweet tones, natural expression, correct habits of pronunciation and a growing independence in acquiring new words are matters of importance, and essential to a perfect mastery.

Remember that the model furnished by the teacher is of greater value than much instruction, and that eternal vigilance is necessary in correcting wrong impressions and overcoming incorrect tendencies.

While the year is yet young, begin to teach the elementary sounds and to associate them with the characters by which they are represented. Continue this instruction until your pupils have "the hearing eye and the seeing ear;" that is, until the sound suggests the character and the character the sound. The introductory pages of any good dictionary will furnish you with the characters and instructions regarding the sounds.

Teach parts of words like *an, in, on, and, ang, it, up, ung, est, end*, and develop lists of "rhyming" words based upon these.

Teach *igh, ight, ame, une, ain, ite, ope, ete, eat*, and like combinations, and develop lists of "rhyming" words based upon these.

Present, with the aid of your pupils, lists of words like *we, me, he, she, see, tree, three; my, try, cry, pry, dry, sly, etc.*

Present lists of words having the same characteristics as *all, walk, hawk, dawn; far, arm, half, etc.*

From these exercises frequently repeated develop —the significance of the number and position of vowels with reference to their sounds.

Hold pupils for any one of these rhyming words when found in the reading lessons.

Give much practice, with cheerfulness, in the correct pronunciation of difficult sounds, and combinations of sounds; as *ü*, *th*, *th*, *wh*, and words ending in *sts*, *ing*.

Continue this work through the grades, teaching the more difficult sounds and combinations until the pupil is familiar with them and can use the dictionary intelligently.



HOW MANY DAYS FOR BABY TO PLAY?  
SATURDAY, SUNDAY, MONDAY,  
TUESDAY, WEDNESDAY, THURSDAY, FRIDAY, SATURDAY,  
SUNDAY, MONDAY.



see  
and  
baby  
loves  
mamma

See mamma!

See baby!

See mamma and baby.

Mamma loves baby.

Baby loves mamma.



See the ball!

See the baby!

The ball is for baby.

Roll the ball, baby.

Roll the soft ball.

the  
ball

for  
roll

is  
soft



This boy is Tim.  
Tim has a ball.  
Baby has a big ball.  
Roll the ball, Tim.  
See the boy catch the ball.

has  
boy

this  
Tim

ball  
catch



See Tim and Fred.  
Fred is a little dog.  
Tim is a little boy.  
Tim loves Fred.  
Fred loves Tim.  
Tim has a ball.  
A boy can catch a ball.  
A dog can catch a ball.  
Fred little loves dog can



This girl is Mary.  
Mary has a kitty.  
Kitty, kitty!  
Kitty likes to play.  
Mary likes to play.  
See the girl and kitty play.  
Tim likes to play.  
Fred likes to play.  
Baby likes to play.  
girl      Mary      this      play      likes



red  
big  
toss  
an apple

See this big apple.

This apple is for Mary.

Toss the red apple to Mary.

Catch the apple, Mary.

A girl can catch an apple.

Roll the ball to baby.

Baby can catch a ball.

The apple is red.

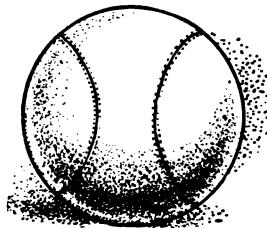
The ball is red.

The apple is soft.

The ball is soft.

Baby likes the ball.

Mary likes the apple.



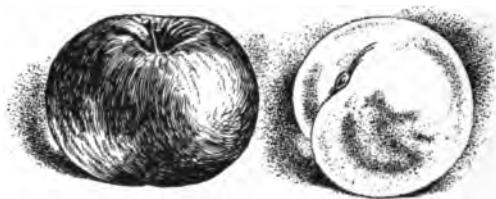


This peach is for Tim.  
 Toss the peach to Tim.  
 Catch the peach, Tim.  
 This peach is green.  
 See the green peach.  
 Roll the green peach.  
 Find a red apple.

Find a soft ball.  
 Find a little ball.  
 Find a big apple.  
 Find a green peach.  
 See Mary eat the apple.  
 See Tim eat the peach.  
 Mary likes the apple.  
 Tim likes the peach.  
 Baby likes the ball.  
 Kitty likes the baby.



peach	find	eat	Mary
apple	red	green	soft



This apple is yellow.

This peach is yellow.

Find a red apple.

Find a red peach.

Find a yellow ball.

The apple is round and soft.

The peach is round and soft.

The ball is round and soft.

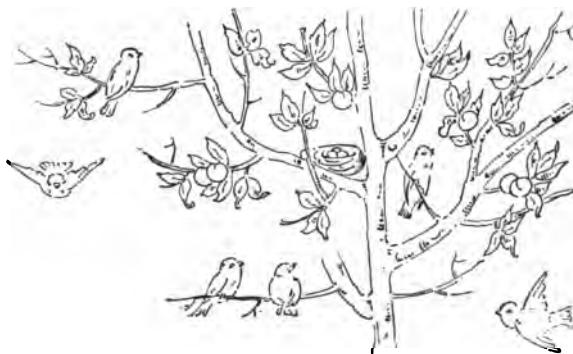
Apples and peaches are round.

Apples and peaches are good to eat.

Tim likes apples and peaches.

Mamma likes apples and peaches.

eat      good      round      yellow



I see a tree.

I see a bird.

I see a nest.

See the tree, Mary.

See the birds.

See the nest in the tree.

See the eggs in the nest.

The eggs are green.

The nest is little.

The tree is big.

The bird likes the nest in the tree.

The bird likes the eggs in the nest.

in the nest in the tree green eggs  
bird nest tree eggs

**REVIEW.**

Some balls are red.  
Some apples are red.  
Some peaches are red.  
Some cows are red.  
Some balls are green.  
Some peaches are green.  
Some apples are green.  
Some eggs are green.  
Some birds are green.  
Some balls are yellow.  
Some peaches are yellow.  
Some birds are yellow.  
Some dogs are yellow.  
Some cows are yellow.  
Some balls are black.  
Some dogs are black.  
Some cows are black.

black

some

some apples

some eggs

some peaches



Here is my black cow.  
She is a good cow.  
She gives milk.  
She gives milk for baby.  
She gives milk for Tim and Mary.  
She gives milk for Fred and kitty.  
Baby, baby! here is some milk.  
Kitty, kitty! here is some milk.  
Is the milk good, baby?  
Is the milk good, kitty?

cow      milk      gives      she      my



do  
name  
doll  
blue  
brown  
eyes  
not  
have

My name is Mary.  
Do you see my new doll?  
Mamma gave her to me.  
I love my doll.  
She has blue eyes.  
I have brown eyes.  
Baby likes the doll.  
Baby can not have her.  
Do you see the kitty?  
Come, kitty, kitty!  
Come, play with baby.



Here is Donald with his top.  
This is a black top.  
See him spin the top.  
I have a new top.  
My top is not black. It is red.  
I like to spin my top.  
Hear Donald's top hum when it spins.  
Spin it again, Donald.

top      hum      again      spin      hear



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JUST OUT.

Here is good mother hen.  
She has some little chickens.  
They have just left the nest.  
Mother hen is white.  
The chickens are white, too.  
The chickens like to eat.  
I will feed them.  
Come, little chickens, come.  
Come, good mother hen.  
See the hen and chickens run.  
“Peep, peep!” say the chickens.  
“Cluck, cluck!” says good mother hen.  
The hen loves her chickens.  
The chickens love good mother hen.  
She will care for them.

hen	feed	come
good	peep	care
mother	chickens	cluck



Here is papa.  
He holds the black horse.  
The black horse is big.  
See the black horse.  
This black horse trots.  
This black horse runs.  
Papa rides the horse.  
Tim rides the horse.  
The horse runs and trots.  
He likes to trot.

holds  
papa

rides  
horse

black  
trots



Here are Jack and  
Dash.

Jack is a little boy.  
Dash is a big dog.  
Jack has his ball.  
He will throw the  
ball.

Dash will run to  
find it.

Jack and Dash like to play ball.

See Jack throw the ball.

Dash, Dash! run, good dog.

Find the ball for Jack.

When you bring it, he will throw  
it again.

Will your  
dog find  
the ball?

Dash  
bring  
Jack  
your





it  
him  
new  
drum  
gave  
Donald  
rub-a-dub

Donald has a drum.  
Play the drum, Donald.  
“Rub-a-dub, dub! Rub-a-dub,  
dub!” says the drum.  
This is a new drum.  
Papa gave it to Donald.  
Donald likes to play the drum.  
“Rub-a-dub, dub! Rub-a-dub,  
dub!” says the new drum.

My name is Tim.  
I see the tall sunflower.  
It grows very tall.  
It grows by the wall.  
It is big and yellow, like the sun.  
Do you see me, sunflower?  
The sun and rain make sunflower  
grow.



do  
me  
my  
wall  
very  
name  
grows  
sunflower



PRINCE AND MAX.

*Landeer.*

This big horse is Prince.

This big dog is Max.

Prince is a white horse.

Max is a black and white dog.

Max holds Prince.

He holds the whip, too.

See how still the horse stands.

He likes the dog.

Papa will come soon.

Max will give papa the whip.

Papa will ride on Prince.

Max will go with papa and Prince.

Have a good ride, papa.

Trot fast, good horse.

Run fast, Max, run fast.

Prince	stands	whip
fast	Max	holds
still	soon	



This is my  
green leaf. It  
grows on a tree.

It is a pretty  
leaf. It grows  
on a peach tree.

The sun and the rain make the  
leaf grow.

Mary has a pretty green leaf too.  
Her leaf is not like my leaf.  
See! Mary's leaf is broad.

My leaf is narrow.

Mary's leaf is an apple leaf.  
My leaf is a peach leaf.

**Expression in desk-work. Cutting leaves.**

**WORD-DRILL.**

grows	Mary's apple	green	leaf
pretty	narrow	rain	like
broad	peach	make	this



This little pig went to market;  
This little pig stayed at home;  
This little pig had roast beef;  
This little pig had none;  
This little pig said "wee, wee!"  
All the way home.



I am little Silver  
Hair.

I went to the  
woods.

I saw a little  
house.

I knocked on the  
door.

No one was there.

I went into the house.

I ate a little bowl of soup.

It was good.

I sat in a little chair.

It broke down.

I slept in a little bed.

It was soft.

The bears came  
home.

They were an-  
gry.

I was afraid.

I ran home.





What a pretty brown bee this is!  
Take care! It may sting you if  
you hurt it.

I will not touch it.

Look at the bee again, Tom.

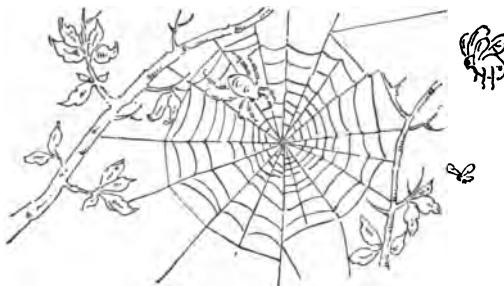
See, it has one, two, three, four,  
five, six—yes, six legs.

You have two legs, and a cat has  
four legs, but a bee has six legs.

A fly has six legs and two wings.

A bee has four wings, but they  
look like two wings.





“Buzz, buzz,” says the bee.

“Buzz, buzz,” says the fly.

A bee has six legs, and a fly has six legs.

How many legs has the spider?

A bee has four wings. A fly has two wings.

Can a spider fly?

What can it do?

**Expression.** Draw bees and flies and spiders.

**PREPARATION.**

Ask questions which can be answered by statements in lesson.

legs	fly	says	six
buzz	two	flour	what
spider	brown	white	green

This is Donald's  
dog.

His name is Rex.

Donald loves Rex  
and Rex takes care  
of the little boy.

Rex has a soft, curly coat and  
large, soft ears.

Donald takes Rex to the brook  
and he swims in the water.

Then Donald calls, "Come Rex,  
come. We will go home."

And away Rex runs, faster than  
Donald can go.

Expression. Drawing and paper cutting of a dog.

ears	curly	faster	brook
tastes	coat	away	swims



The horse says, "My home is a barn."  
 The cow says, "My home is a barn."  
 Tim says, "My home is a house."  
 Mary says, "My home is a house."  
 Baby says, "My home is with  
 mamma.

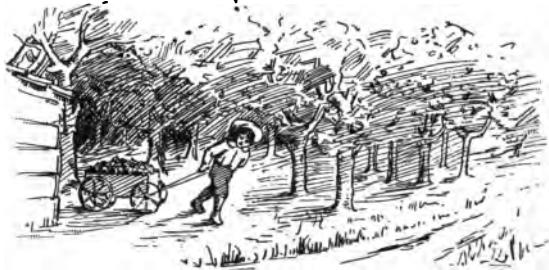
The bee says, "My home is a hive."  
 Find the hive.  
 Find the bee.  
 Find the barn.  
 Find the nest in the tree.  
 Find the bird house.  
 The horse is in the barn.  
 The bird is in the bird house.  
 The bee is in the hive.

bee	barn	hive
home	house	says

NOTE.—The sentences beginning with "find" should be silently read by the children, after which they show the required picture and respond, "This is the hive," etc.

# HOMES





This is my cart, and I must draw apples in it.

This cart is so full I have to walk.

Do you think the apples will drop off?

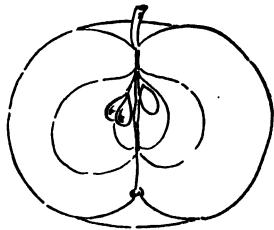
There are red apples and yellow apples in my cart.

Yes, and sour apples and sweet apples, too.

All my apples are good.

I have to help the men draw away the apples.

I get a penny for each load of apples I draw.



A little apple seed  
had a good home.  
It was in the middle  
of a big red apple.  
The walls of its house  
were white.

There were no windows.

There were no doors.

The little seed could not go away  
from home.

It wanted to see what was on the  
outside of its house.

One day a little boy came along.

He saw the big red apple.

He let the little seed out of its  
house.

Do you know how he helped the  
little seed out of its house?

Do you know how he helped the  
little seed to be free?

windows   doors   middle   wanted

I am a donkey.

I am old.

I can not work.

My master will not feed me.

I will run away.

I can make music.

I will join the band.

I will go to the city.



I am a dog.

I am old.

I can not hunt.

My master will not feed me.

I will run away.

I will join the band.

I will go to the city.

I am a cat.

I am old.

I can not catch mice.

My mistress will not  
feed me.



I will run away.

I will join the band.

I will go to the city.

---

I am a rooster.

I can crow.

My mistress will not feed me.

She will make soup of me.



I will run away.

I will join the band.

I will go to the city.

The donkey, the dog, the cat, and  
the rooster went to the city.

The donkey brayed;

The dog barked;

The cat mewed;

The rooster crowed;

They made a fine band.

The dog passed the hat around.

They had a fine supper.

time  
band  
mewed

crowed  
brayed  
donkey

barked  
passed  
rooster

WORDS THAT RHYME.

by	may	Ben	sing
my	way	ten	wing
try	say	den	ring
cry	ray	pen	bring
dry	day	hen	sling
why	tray	then	sting
sky	stay	when	string

The blacksmith stands by his anvil. He hammers the iron while it is hot.

The forge is behind him. Do you see the fire in the forge? Blow, bellows, blow the fire. Heat the iron for the blacksmith.

The blacksmith holds the hot iron with his tongs, and strikes it with his hammer.

When the hammer strikes, the anvil says, kling, clang, kling! Make shoes for the horses, blacksmith. Dick wants some shoes. Fit the shoes to Dick's feet.

iron	tongs	forge
shoes	kling	bellows
hammer	clang	blacksmith



The walnut is a seed.  
It has a hard coat.  
Plant it in the ground, and a  
walnut tree will grow.

Years ago two little girls planted  
walnuts by the road side, on their  
way to school.

Some of the walnuts sprouted  
and little walnut trees came up,  
and grew to be big trees.

Now other little boys and girls  
have shade on their way to school.

In the fall they gather walnuts  
under the trees.

Alice and Phoebe Cary were the  
little girls who planted the walnut  
trees.

You may read more about these  
girls in other books.

walnut    coat    ground    years  
planted    school    sprouted    gather

Jack Frost is here.  
He came with the wind.  
He came in the night.  
He tapped on the window.  
He tapped with his cane.  
“I can not let you in.  
The windows are tight.  
The doors are tight.  
You can not come in to-night.  
Run away, Jack Frost.”  
Jack Frost ran away.  
Can you see Jack Frost?  
Can you hear the wind?  
Blow, wind, blow.  
Run, Jack, run.

Jack Frost	cane	tapped
night	window	doors

I am Jack Frost.

You can not see me. You can  
feel me bite your ears and your  
nose.

The birds go away when I come.

I make the ground white.

What do the flowers do when I  
touch them?

Take care, Earl, I will make  
your cheeks and your fingers red  
and cold!

---

WORDS THAT RHYME.

my	may	Ben	sing
try	way	when	wing
cry	say	ten	ring
dry	stay	men	bring
why	ray	den	ding
sky	tray	pen	string
	day	then	sling

Here comes the wind.  
Blow, wind, blow!  
Blow the leaves from the trees.  
Blow the seeds from the pods.  
Blow the little birds south.  
Blow the kites, wind.  
Blow, wind, blow and fly the kites.  
Fly away, little birds.  
Sail away, brown seeds.

Birds fly and kites fly.  
Leaves fly and seeds sail.  
Fly like the birds.  
Fly away, boys and girls.

comes	from	south
blow	wind	kites

“Come, little leaves,” said the wind.  
“Come play with me.

Summer has gone, and the days  
grow cold.

Put on your red and gold dresses.  
Put on your brown dresses.

Come play with me, little leaves.”

The leaves heard the wind’s loud  
call.

They came fluttering down.

They danced over the brown fields.

They flew over the brown fields.

They sang soft little songs as they  
flew.

When the dance was over they fell  
asleep in their leafy beds.

The snow spread a cover over their  
heads.

They slept safe and warm under the  
snow.

fields    dance    fluttering    spread



Old mother pussycat had four kittens.

Their home was a box near the stove.

Said old mother pussycat, "Let us all go to the barn and catch a mouse."

They walked out very still, but the mouse ran away.

"Let us catch a bird, then."

But the bird flew away.

So they had to eat their dinner from a plate on the floor.



My puppy and I are having our pictures taken.

I will hold him very still.

There, Jerry, now you must keep still.

I am tired, and Jerry is heavy, but I will not cry.

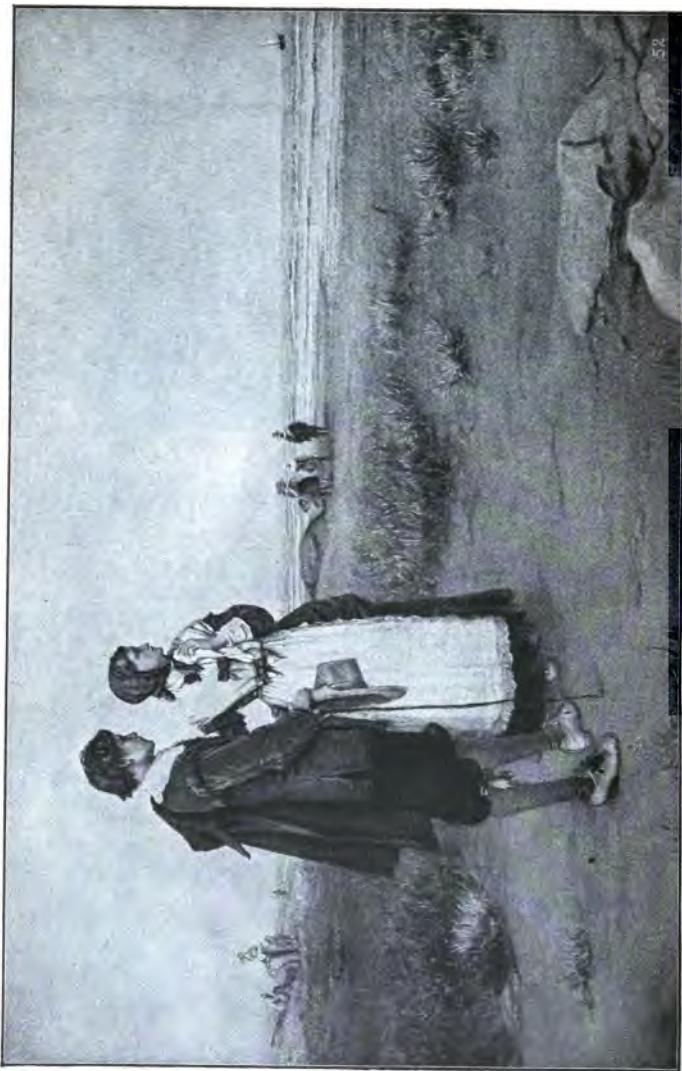
I will stand up and hold Jerry still.

O dear! I shall drop my puppy.

I must sit down, or Jerry will fall.

There, poor Jerry is crying.





RETURN OF THE MAYFLOWER.

*G. H. Broughton.*

Long ago there were no white people in America.

Only Indians lived here.

They had no houses, but lived in wigwams.

The Pilgrims came from England.

They came in the Mayflower.

There were fathers and mothers and little children on the ship.

There was one little baby.

The weather was very cold.

Snow was on the ground.

The fathers cut down trees and built log houses.

There was not much to eat.

Many people were sick, and all were often cold and hungry.

Miles Standish found some corn.

By and by the Indians gave them more corn.

Then a ship brought them food from England

The mothers wove cloth and made clothes.

Even the children worked hard.

They had few books, and no school.  
The fathers learned how to raise corn.

They had a good harvest and were very thankful.

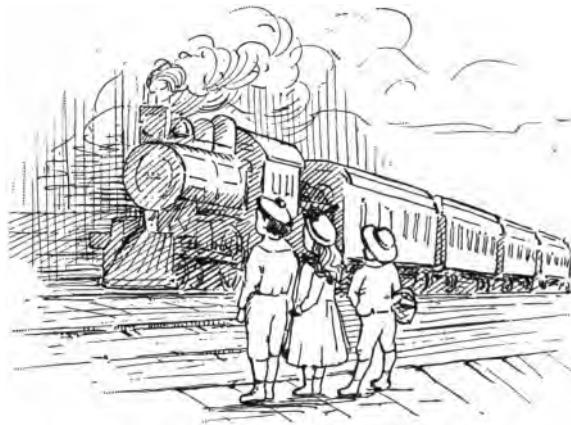
“Let us have a Thanksgiving Day,” they said.

clothes	Mayflower	thankful
wove	people	harvest
Thanksgiving	America	hungry
England	brought	learned

---

**MEMORIZE.**

Do you know how many children.  
Go to little beds at night,  
And without a care or sorrow  
Wake up with the morning light?  
God in heaven each name can tell,  
Knows you, too, and loves you well.



We are all going to grandfather's house.

Do you know my grandfather?

He lives on a farm, and has cows, horses, chickens, and pigs.

I am so glad to go to the farm.

I like to see the geese and ducks.

I shall ride the pony, too.

I can feed the chickens, but I can not milk the cows.



There is the barn.  
Let us hunt for eggs.  
O, I have three.  
Now I have five.  
The cow is in the barn now.  
Where is the horse?  
He is eating grass.  
Will he come to get a drink?  
The geese and ducks are gone,  
but the chickens are here.  
Let us go to the pig-pen and see  
the little pigs.  
Now we have seen them all, let  
us play in the wagon.

The days are cold now.

There is frost on the ground.

But I shall not be cold, for I have  
a new warm coat. Our canary has  
a warmer coat for winter.

Our horse and our cow have  
thicker hair than in the summer.

I saw birds fly toward the south  
to-day.

And here comes the snow.

Now we shall have fine fun, for  
winter has come.

We will throw snow balls.

We will make snow men.

We will build snow houses.

canary

thicker

toward

to-day

cold

summer

warmer

snow

winter



LITTLE SNOWSHOES.

The ground is covered with snow.  
The trees are white with snow.  
White flakes fill the air. They are  
falling, falling everywhere.

Catch the flakes on your hand,  
and tell me what they look like.  
They are soft and cold and white.  
They make a good cover for the  
roots and the seeds.

Here is Little Snowshoes out for  
a walk, this winter day. He has a  
warm coat and a warm cap. His  
little hands are covered, too. He  
will not feel the cold. See his funny  
shoes.

Where are you going, Little  
Snowshoes? Can you walk fast on  
your funny shoes? Can you run?

Your little dog has no snowshoes,  
but he does not care. He likes  
to wade through the snow.

snowshoes covered winter falling

We burn coal in our stove to  
keep us warm in the winter.

Coal is hard and black.

It is found in a coal mine.

The men who dig the coal are  
coal miners.

Did you ever go into a coal  
mine?

A fire made of wood is not so  
hot as one made of coal.

How many kinds of coal have  
you seen?

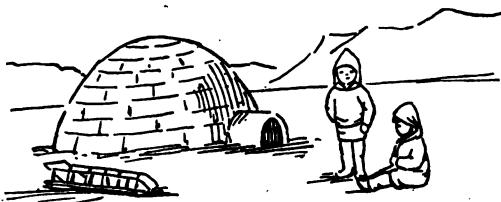
A coal fire is very bright.

I am glad to see the fire burn  
as the day grows dark.

The days are short in winter.

FOR SLOW PRONUNCIATION.

coal	keep	mine	cold
wood	ever	bright	dark
fire	kind	short	warm
burn	found	miners	grows



Far away from here, little children have snow and ice all the year.

They can play with sleds at any time.

It would take us many days to go to see them.

But here they are. How do you like their homes?

See this house. It is made of ice and snow.

How do you like their dress?  
It is made of bear skins.

May thinks that she could not wear a dress like that. Could you?

With snow all the year, wheat will not grow.

And fruit trees will not grow.  
What do these children eat?

These children have dogs, but  
they have no cats.

The dogs draw their sleds.  
They do not have lines, but use  
a long whip.

---

I have a pretty cat that likes  
to play with a  
ball.



Here, kitty,  
kitty, come,  
take a nap on  
my lap.

---

Pussycat, pussycat, where have  
you been?

“I’ve been to London to look at  
the queen.”

Pussycat, pussycat, what saw you  
there?

“I saw a little mouse under the  
chair.”

Here are salt, sugar, and alum.

Here are three cups of water.

Let us put salt into one cup,  
sugar into another cup, and alum  
into another.

Now all the salt, the sugar, and  
the alum are gone.

The water in one cup tastes of  
salt.

The water in another cup tastes  
sweet.

The water in the third cup tastes  
of alum.

Where are the salt, the sugar,  
and the alum?

The salt, the sugar, and the alum  
have all dissolved.

salt	water	third
sugar	tastes	cup
alum	another	dissolved

We put more salt into the cup.  
 The salt will not dissolve now.  
 Let us heat that cup of water.  
 The salt will dissolve if the water is hot.

Will more alum dissolve if the water is hot?

Let us tie a string to this stick and lay the stick across the cup.

Let the string stay in the water in the cup.

To-morrow we shall find something on the string. Do you know what it will be?

**Expression.** Pupils perform experiment.

**PREPARATION.**

Where are the salt, the sugar, and the alum now?  
 How does the water in each cup taste?

string	heat	stay
to-morrow	something	more



What a little old house!  
It is in the woods, and is a long  
way from any other house.  
The people who had their home  
in this house must have been poor.  
They must have had to work  
hard, too.  
This is where Abraham Lincoln  
lived when he was a little boy.  
The house is made of logs.  
Abraham's father cut down trees  
to make it.  
When Abraham was a little boy,  
he had no playmate but his little  
sister.

He was a  
was always  
A b r a h a m  
set free all  
America.

good boy and  
kind. It was  
Lincoln who  
the slaves in



LINCOLN'S TOMB.

---

A little evergreen tree lived in the forest. It stood close beside its mother. Mother-tree grew straight and tall.

Little evergreen wished to grow like its mother. So it tried and tried. "What shall I be when I grow straight and tall like you?" asked little evergreen.

"I do not know," said the big tree. "I have no time to think. I am busy making cones."

“What shall I be when I grow straight and tall?” little evergreen asked the birds.

“You may be the mast of a ship,” said the swallows.

“You may be a flag pole,” said the robins.

“You may be a Christmas tree,” said the sparrows.

“O, I wish to be a Christmas tree!” Some woodmen came to the forest one day. They cut down little evergreen and carried it to the town.

Donald’s papa bought it for a Christmas tree.

Little evergreen had a star upon its head. Its green branches held lights and gifts.

The children danced and sang around it.

How happy little evergreen was!

Guess what I am.

I am black, but am not a bear.

I am large, but am not a horse.

I can run, but I am not a deer.

I can swim, but I am not a fish.

I can bark, but I am not a wolf.

Little Naneticoat  
Has a white petticoat  
And a red nose;  
The longer she stands,  
The shorter she grows.

What is the bird that has but one  
eye,

And a very long tail, that it lets fly,  
And every time it goes through a  
gap,

A bit of its tail it leaves in the trap?

Expression. Illustrate riddles.

This is my own dear  
little doll.

Rose gave it to me the  
day I was six years old.

We go to school, Rose  
and I, and are good friends.

We can read and write, too.

Shall I write my name for you?

Here it is:—*Mary Greene*

Rose has a beautiful doll that  
can shut its eyes.

My doll has a pretty blue dress  
and tan shoes.

Now my doll is sleepy. I will  
put her to bed.

Expression at blackboard. Write about your own doll.

doll good read school own  
dear school write beautiful shut





How warm  
the sun shines!  
There go three  
boys for a walk.  
Why does Allen look  
at the trees all the  
time?

There are no flowers and  
no leaves on the trees yet.  
But Allen cut some twigs  
from a tree, and the other boys  
look at them and feel them.

“What are you going to do  
with the hard brown buds, Allen?”

“I am going to put the twigs  
into water and watch them.”

Allen did so and what do you  
think came out of those hard  
brown buds? I will tell you.

Little, soft pussies, that could  
not mew, and could not scratch,  
and that at last turned to flowers.

Did you ever hear about little George Washington?

This is a picture of George playing with his friends.

He is captain and his three little friends are soldier boys.

They have guns, and are marching off to war.

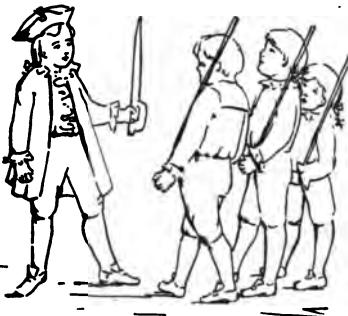
“Left, right! left, right!” says the captain. “Listen to the music.”

They will march around the yard and out past the barn, to the woods.

There the captain will say “Halt!” The soldier boys will take aim and shoot their little guns.

Then they will march back again.

halt	March	shoot
captain	George	friends
soldier	Washington	soldiers





Here is a little girl that we do not often see.

Let us hear what she is saying.

"My home is on the other side of the world, in China.

"I live in a boat, in this far-away land.

"If you lived here you would eat rice with chopsticks, as I do, and would wear a silk dress like mine.

"I do not go to school. Only boys go to school in China."

The little girl is asleep now. It is night in China when it is day here.

School in China is not like our school.

They study aloud all the time. Think of that!

China   study   aloud   think  
world   night   asleep   chopsticks

Once a man had a large goose, and it laid an egg every day.

The egg was not like other eggs.

It was an egg of gold.

The man was not happy, because he wanted to get more than one egg each day.

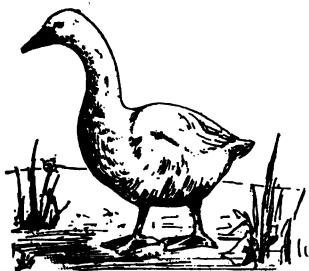
He thought that he would kill the goose and get all the eggs at once.

But when he cut open the goose there were no eggs to be seen.

The goose was dead, so the foolish man could get no more eggs.

He had killed the goose that laid the golden eggs.

once      goose      dead      because  
golden      killed      foolish      thought





This is my dog Lion.  
My papa gave him to me.  
Is he not a fine dog?  
See his kind brown eyes.  
Lion is a good dog, and I love him.  
He loves me, too, and takes care  
of me.  
He loves the baby and takes care  
of her, too.

When I throw my ball, he runs to  
find it for me.

He will carry things in his mouth.  
Lion can speak and shake hands.  
Do you know how a dog speaks?  
Sometimes I ride on his back, for  
he is large and strong.

When the horse gets out of the barn,  
Lion drives him in again.

One day I lost my basket.

When I found it was lost, I cried.  
When Lion saw me cry he ran back  
to where we had been playing.  
He found the basket and brought  
it to me.

He carried it in his mouth.

Have you a good dog like Lion?

know  
basket  
speaks

care  
found

carry  
things  
mouth



Our house is  
not made of ice  
and snow, nor is  
it a boat.

What is your house made of,  
Arthur?

It is made of brick and wood.  
Bricks are made of clay.

Are the bricks such as we use,  
made of clay?

Yes, and dishes also are made  
of clay.

How do they make the clay  
into hard bricks?

Bricks must be baked with a  
hot fire to be hard enough to use.

See the masons build the brick  
wall. They must build it straight  
and true. A mason builds with  
brick and stone.

true      clay      mason      stone  
brick     baked     enough     straight



Howard has something to tell us.  
 What is it, Howard?  
 "I saw a bluebird to-day."  
 "When do bluebirds come?  
 In the spring?"

Yes; and Stella has flowers that  
 she found in the woods.

These little flowers were asleep  
 a few days ago.

The rain came to their house in  
 the ground, and said, "Tap, tap, tap.  
 It is time to get up now. The  
 birds are coming back and we must  
 greet them."

spring    awake    greet    something

A banana has a thick skin and a soft pulp that is very sweet.

We peel the banana before we eat it.

We must take care where we throw the skin. Can you tell why?

The banana has a flat, brown, seed which is in the pulp.

The banana does not have a core.

Did you ever see any other fruit with seeds in the pulp?

Bananas grow far from here in a warm country.

They grow in large bunches.

Do you like to eat bananas?

banana      thick      bunches      core

Hear the robins singing,  
 See the green grass springing,  
 The bluebird's sweet song you will  
 hear.  
 We feel the south wind blowing,  
 No more we 'll see it snowing,  
 Because 'tis the spring of the year.

The brooklets are flowing,  
 The daffodils blowing,  
 The skies are now blue and clear.  
 The birds are all nesting,  
 The earth has done resting,  
 Because 'tis the spring of the year.

Expression. Illustrate the stanzas.





What month am I?  
I bring back the early  
birds.

When I come you must look in  
the tree tops.

I bring the  first flowers  
that bloom.  The cold  
winds are no longer here.

The sun shines warmer for me,  
and the rain falls every day.

The children have great  
fun the first day I am here. 

Expression. Answer the question in first line.

WORDS THAT RHYME.

know	ice	all	boy
snow	nice	call	toy
blow	mice	fall	joy
grow	twice	tall	oil
flow	slice	wall	coil
show	price	haul	boil
throw	spice	maul	soil

Roy will live in a new house made of wood.

But Roy's house will not be made of logs as Abraham Lincoln's was when he was a little boy.

The woodmen cut down trees and floated them down the river to the sawmill.

At the sawmill the logs were made into boards, and were then ready to be built into a house.

Watch the men build this house. They drive the nails straight and true.

It takes a strong man to do that.

Roy's father is a carpenter, and Roy wants to be one, when he grows to be a man.

carpenter boards nails woodmen





Hans just came from Germany.

He has lived there all his life in this house by a beautiful river.

Poor Hans! He is homesick.

Everything is strange here to the lonely boy.

He can not understand what the children say.

We will be very kind to little Hans, and soon he will not be so shy.

Then he can talk to us about his home over the sea, and his blue-eyed sister that he loves.

sky beautiful children river  
kind Germany blue-eyed lonely  
Hans homesick understand strange

Rock-a-bye, baby,  
On the tree top!  
When the wind blows  
The cradle will rock;  
When the bough breaks  
The cradle will fall;  
Down will come rock-a-bye,  
baby and all.

Good night,  
Sleep tight,  
Wake up bright,  
In the morning light,  
To do what's right,  
With all your might.



We thank the carpenter and the mason for our houses, but we can not thank them for food.

Who helps to give us food?

The farmer helps first of all.

He plows the ground in the spring and makes it soft for the seeds.

He sows the wheat and plants the corn.

He keeps the ground soft so that the young plants may grow.

The rain and the sunshine help, too.

The farmer reaps the wheat and gathers the corn.

He gathers the ripe apples from the trees.

sows	helps	plows	houses
plants	farmer	think	gathers
reaps	carpenter	ground	sunshine

A little girl found a morning-glory seed.

She dropped it into a hole in the ground and covered it with soft earth.

“Hurry and grow, morning-glory seed,” said she. “Hurry and grow.”

But the earth was hard and dry, and the poor seed could not grow.

“O ground, please give me a few drops of water,” it said.

“The water will soften my hard brown coat. The coat will burst open and let my seed leaves grow.

“Then I can begin to be a vine.”

“I can not give you a drink,” said the ground. “Ask the rain.”

“O rain,” said the seed, “please fall to the ground. Then the ground can give me a few drops of water.

“The water will soften my hard

brown coat. The coat will burst open and let my seed leaves grow.

“Then I can begin to be a vine.”

“I will, if the clouds hang lower,” said the rain.

“O clouds, please hang lower. Let the rain fall to the ground. Then the ground can give me a few drops of water.

“The water will soften my hard brown coat. The coat will burst open and let my seed leaves grow.

“Then I can begin to be a vine.”

“The sun must hide first,” said the clouds.

“O sun, please hide and let the clouds hang lower. Then the rain will fall to the ground.

“The ground will give me a few drops of water. The water will soften my hard brown coat. The

coat will burst open and let my seed leaves grow.

“Then I can begin to be a vine.”

“I will,” said the sun;  
and away he went.

Then the clouds hung low.

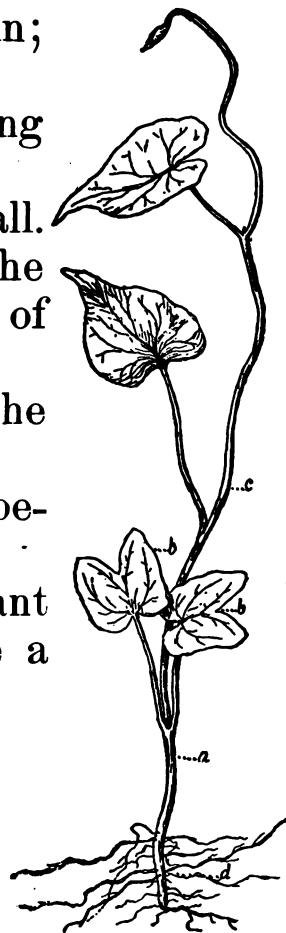
The rain began to fall.

The ground gave the seed a few drops of water.

The water burst the hard brown coat.

The seed leaves began to grow.

The little plant became a vine.





Mary and Paul have been to the woods and found a little plant.

Such a tiny little plant it is, but it has roots, a stem, and leaves.

See, the fine little roots look almost like hair.

They go down deep into the ground.

The stem is not long, and the leaves are small.

The leaves have many lines, like apple leaves.

These leaves are broad, too, like apple leaves.

*Expression.* Draw this plant, and collect and draw other plants

tiny	stem	lines	woods
roots	ground	deep	Paul

**WHAT THE FLOWERS SAY.**

The red rose says, "Be sweet,"  
The lily bids "Be pure,"  
The hardy, brave chrysanthemum,  
"Be patient and endure."

The violet whispers, "Give,  
Nor grudge, nor count the cost."  
The woodbine, "Keep on blossoming  
In spite of chill and frost."

And so each gracious flower  
Was each a several word,  
Which, read together, maketh up  
The message of the Lord.

—SUSAN COOLIDGE.



My name is bluebird, and a good name it is for me.

My head, back, tail, and wings are blue, but my breast is brownish red.

When I fly I am blue on the side nearest the sky.

The baby thinks that I rubbed some of the blue off the sky. Do you think so?

If I am blue on the side nearest the sky, I am brown on the side nearest the ground.

I come early in the spring, and I can sing a sweet song.

I have been on this post a long time watching for a worm. There! I think I see one. Good-by.

**Expression.** Draw and color bluebird.

bluebird   nearest   brown   worm  
brownish   ground   sweet   good-by

We looked at some dry peas. They were hard and round. Some were white and some were green. Some were a light brown.

Each pea had a scar. The scar shows where it was fastened to the pod.

The pods grew on vines last summer.

We put the peas in water and soaked them all night.

The dry pea is small and hard. The soaked pea is softer and larger.

The coat came off from the soaked pea. The coat was so thin and white we could almost see through it.



The pea was in two pieces.

A little plant was hidden between the pieces.

We know what the pieces are. They are little cups full of food.

Pea plant is fastened to the cups.  
She can not get away.

Water makes the food soft. Pea  
plant eats the food. She eats and  
grows.

## II.

We put black earth in a box.  
We made the earth fine and soft.  
This is little pea plant's bed.

We made holes in the earth and  
planted many peas.

We gave them a nice drink and  
said good night.

Then the box was set in the sun.

The peas will need a drink every  
day.

Little pea plant is growing.

She pushes up the earth.

She has a foot. The foot is a  
root.

The root is her mouth, too.

Funny little pea plant!—



To-day we saw pea plant's head. It is a little bunch of leaves.

She has just come out of the earth. She is very small and white.

Her head droops and her stem is bent.

Good morning, little plant. We are glad to see you.

Will you have a drink of water?  
Come, warm sun, and help the little plant grow.

I.

pea	scar	dry
food	almost	thin
soaked	pieces	each
shows	fastened	small



II.

earth	between	just
mouth	pushes	many

root

noisy  
grinds  
turns  
grain  
meal



wheel  
mill  
crush  
flour  
bread

This is the mill where the miller  
works.

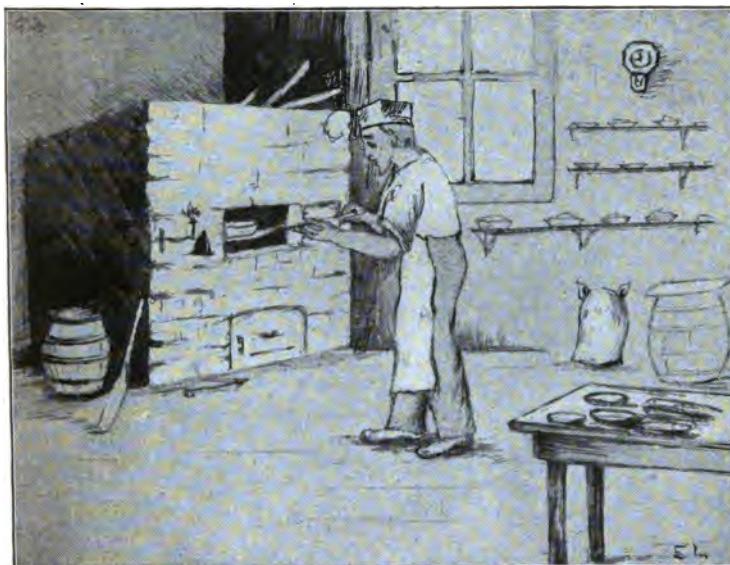
Hear the noisy mill wheel turning  
and turning in the brook.

The water flows under the wheel  
and makes it turn.

When the wheel turns it moves the  
great millstones inside the mill.

The great millstones crush the grain.  
The farmer brings his wheat and  
corn to the mill.

The miller grinds the corn into meal  
and the wheat into flour.



Hear what the baker says:  
"My fire is hot.  
My oven is hot.  
It is time to bake, now.  
Bring me your bread and cake.  
Bring me your cookies and pies.  
I will bake them in my oven.  
I bake brown bread and white bread,  
cookies and pies.  
Come while the oven is hot.

When they are baked I will bring  
them to your home."

The farmer raises the wheat.  
The miller grinds the flour.  
The baker bakes the bread.  
Many work that we may eat.  
Sometimes mamma is the baker.  
Dear, kind mamma!

Thank you, pretty cow that made  
Pleasant milk to soak my bread,  
Every day and every night,  
Warm and sweet and fresh and  
white,—  
Warm and sweet and fresh and  
white.

—JANE TAYLOR.





Pat-a-cake, pat-a-cake,  
my baker's man!  
So I do, master,  
as fast as I can.  
Pat it, and prick it,  
and mark it with T,  
And bake it in the oven  
for baby and me.

Hiawatha was a little Indian boy.  
He lived with his grandmother.  
Her name was Nokomis.  
They lived in a wigwam.  
The wigwam was made of deerskin.

The wigwam was near the forest.  
There were fir trees in the forest.  
There were pine trees in the forest.  
A lake was near the wigwam.  
The Indians called it Big Sea Water.

The baby Hiawatha has a cradle.  
Nokomis made it of wood.  
She made it soft with moss.  
She bound Hiawatha in his  
cradle.  
She hung the cradle on the  
bough of a tree.  
The wind rocked it.



Hiawatha sat at the door  
of the wigwam.

He heard the wind in  
the trees.

He heard the  
“lapping of  
the water.”

Hiawatha saw  
the firefly.

The firefly  
gave a little  
light.

He called it his candle.

He sang a song about it.

Hiawatha liked the birds.

He learned their names.

He learned their songs.

He watched them build their nests.

He found where they hid in winter.

He called them Hiawatha's chickens.

Hiawatha liked the beasts.

He learned their names.

He learned their calls.

He saw the beavers build their lodges.

He saw the squirrels hide their acorns.

He knew the rabbit was timid.

He knew the reindeer ran swiftly.

He called them Hiawatha's brothers.





Here we are on the beach, playing in the white sand.

We fill our little pails with sand, and then fill the cart. We will draw the sand away in the cart.

We look for shells near the water. I shall carry some in my pail to mamma.

We see fishes and crabs in the clear water, but do not catch them.

See the ships with white sails away out on the water.

The day is warm, and after a while, we may go into the sea for a bath.

What happy days we have on the beach!

happy

pails

ships

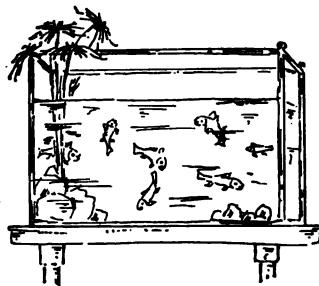
fishes

sand

beach

crabs

shells



We have a glass box in our school, that is the home of many strange creatures.

The corners of this box are of iron, and the box itself is nearly full of water.

There is a lot of mud in the bottom, that one of the older boys got from the bottom of the pond.

We have put in stones, and some plants that grow in water.

Arthur brought us some frogs' eggs, that have now hatched, and the funny baby frogs have changed much already.

Hugh brought us a cup of minnows.

But the greatest pet of all is our great old turtle that Howard brought us.

Expression. Draw any one thing in lesson.

creature	bottom	stones	minnows
hatched	minnows	frogs	already
already	hatched	bottom	frogs



rabbit	turtle	race	showed
jumps	crawled	opened	won

One day a rabbit met a turtle and said:

“Let us run a race,” he said.

The turtle said, “I will.”

The fox thought that it would be well for them to run from a maple tree to an elm tree, that he showed them.

It was not far, and the rabbit could get there with two or three jumps.

The rabbit said: “That is not far; I will take a nap before I start.”

But the turtle crawled on while the rabbit slept.

When the rabbit opened his eyes he found that the turtle had won the race.



O, the pretty, pretty  
butterfly!

How did it get into this room?

Do you remember the brown worm that we  
had last fall?

The one that we put into a box and fed  
fresh leaves, and that spun itself into a little  
house?

Here is the box, and here is the little house,  
but it is empty now. The worm is gone.

No, the worm is not gone. It is only  
changed into the butterfly that is on the  
window.

Expression. Paint a butterfly.

butterfly	remember	Mary	empty
window	fresh	changed	Edith
pretty	empty	window	pretty
changed	but ter fly	remember	fresh

Hark! hear the drum and the fife!  
 I think there are soldiers coming.  
 Run, boys, run, down the street.  
 The band plays, and the men march two by  
 two.

They are brave men, who were in the war  
 when they were young.

See the grand old flag. Toss high your  
 hats and cheer. Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!

Expression. Cut and paste paper for the flag.

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#### **DAYS OF THE WEEK.**

Seven days in the week; would you like to  
 meet them?

Let us name them as they pass, and merrily,  
 too, we 'll greet them.

Here is **MONDAY**, busy Monday; children know  
 him well,  
 For he 's always, always ringing, ringing his  
 school bell.

**TUESDAY** comes along quite early, like the  
 sweet sunshine,  
 So we 'll play that he 's a gardener dropping  
 seeds in line.

WEDNESDAY's round and bright and jolly, like  
a baker's man,  
See him pat and roll his cakes out, ready for  
the pan.

THURSDAY comes in rather weary, yet she does  
not cry,  
She 's a dear, sweet, busy mother, singing  
rock-a-by.

FRIDAY 's been like a dusty miller, busy since  
the morn,  
Yet around the stones go grinding, grinding  
up the corn.

SATURDAY loves all the children; he 's their own  
for play;  
Watch him come, with fun and frolic—happy  
holiday.

SUNDAY follows very gently, but she 's really  
best;  
Listen to her chiming church bells—not work  
nor play, but rest.

Expression at blackboard. Writes names of the days of the week.

“There was a little girl  
 Who had a little curl  
 Right down in the middle of her forehead.  
 When she was good,  
 She was very, very good,  
 But when she was bad, she was horrid.”



This little girl was  
 Edith Longfellow.  
 Her father was a  
 poet, and he wrote this  
 verse about his little  
 girl.

Edith had long yellow curls and blue eyes.  
 She and her father and her two sisters lived  
 in this pretty house among the elm-trees.

George Washington lived in the same house  
 once.

Every night between daylight and dark the  
 little girls had a romp with their father in his  
 study.

He called this the children’s hour, and wrote  
 a poem about it.

He wrote many other beautiful poems.

I am a little girl  
whose home is in Africa.

I do not live in a  
brick house, nor in a  
house made of wood,  
nor yet in a house  
made of ice.

My house is made of grass.

My little short dress is made from the bark  
of a tree.

You think my skin is very dark, and so it  
is. My nose is flat and broad, and my hair  
is like wool.

When I am a woman I shall grind seed  
between two stones, as my mother is doing  
now.

My brother will fight and fish, as my father  
does.

I am very happy in the hot sun.

Expression. Cut trees from paper.

lion	laugh	gnaws	waked	Rose
paw	trap	free	Edith	rope
waked	rope	laughed	please	Hans
please	chance	Paul	fell	trap





This lion was asleep one day, and a little mouse ran across his paw.

This waked up the lion, and the great paw came

down on the poor little mouse.

"Please, please let me go. I will do something for you some day if you will," cried the mouse.

This made the lion laugh, but he let the mouse go.

Soon the lion was caught in a snare made of rope.

The mouse heard his roar of pain. He came and gnawed the rope in two with his sharp teeth.

"You laughed at the idea of my ever being able to return your favor, but you see that even a little mouse may help a great lion."

lion

gnawed

mouse

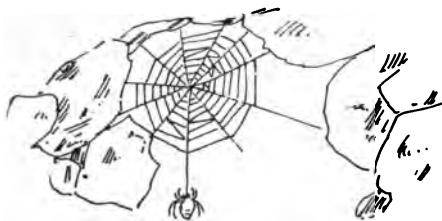
laugh

snare

asleep

please

across



What a great  
black spider!  
You need not  
be afraid, for it  
will not hurt  
you.

I like to watch it make its home.

See it spin those fine threads across the  
web and back again.

We could not weave anything so pretty.

---

Once Robert Bruce hid in a barn after  
he had lost six battles.

As he lay in the straw, he saw a spider  
trying to reach a beam with her web.

He thought she would have to give up.

She tried the seventh time and fastened  
her web to the beam.

Robert Bruce said, "I will try as many  
times as the spider."

He tried once more and won a great battle.

"If at first you don't succeed.  
Try, try again.

'Tis a lesson you should heed,  
Try, try again."



Little Miss Muffet,  
She sat on a tuffet,  
Eating of  
curds and whey;

There came a great  
spider,  
And sat down  
beside her,  
Which frightened  
Miss Muffet  
away.



This is the story of a young man who lived in a far country.

He was a slave, and his master was very cruel.

One day he ran away, and hid in a cave in the woods, and this cave was a lion's home.

While the slave was within, the lion returned.

The slave was very much frightened.

But the lion did not hurt him.

He did not even roar at him, but held up one paw for the young man to see.

There was a thorn in the lion's paw, which gave him great pain.

The slave carefully pulled out the thorn.

Then the lion licked his paw and walked away.

Soon the slave was found by his master and brought home.



ANDROCLUS AND THE LION.

Because he was a slave and had run away,  
he had to go into a great ring to fight a  
wild lion.

The lions that had just been caught, were  
in cages near by.

One was turned loose in the ring.

The young man thought he would soon  
be killed.

But it was the lame lion.

He knew the young man.

He limped toward him and licked his hand.  
Many people were seated around the ring.  
They saw what the lion did.

When they learned that the slave had  
been kind to the lion they made him free  
and gave him the lion.

far	cave	hurt	where
tame	roar	lived	caught
slave	while	thorn	learned
master	returned	frightened	carefully

## SEVEN TIMES ONE.

There's no dew left on the daisies and clover,  
 There's no rain left in heaven;  
 I've said my "seven times" over and over,  
 Seven times one are seven.

I am old, so old I can write a letter,  
 My birthday lessons are done;  
 The lambs play always, they know no better,  
 They are only one times one.

O moon! in the night I have seen you sailing,  
 And shining so round and low;  
 You were bright! ah, bright! but your light is failing,  
 You are nothing now but a bow.

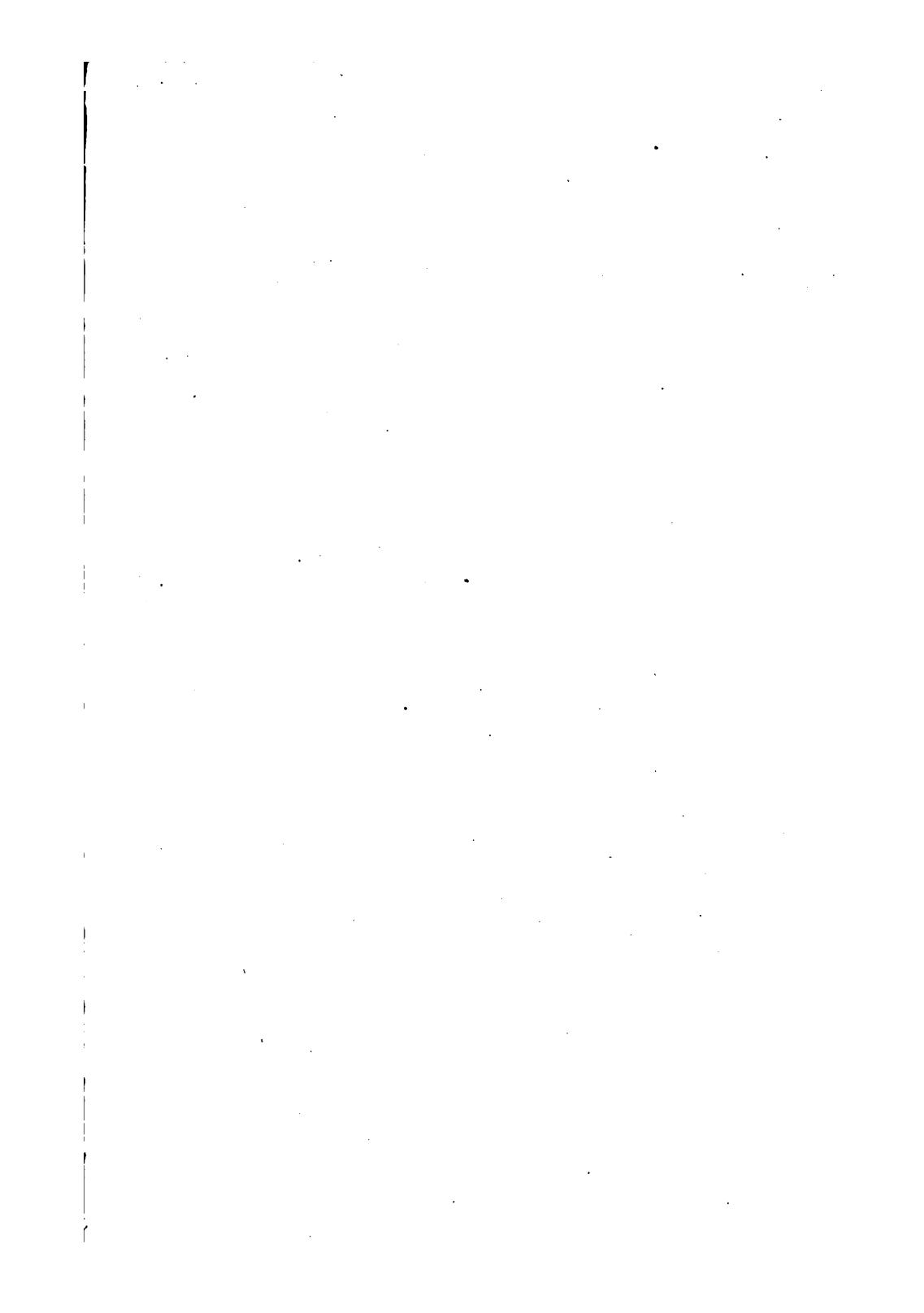
You moon, have you done something wrong in heaven,  
 That God has hidden your face?  
 I hope if you have, you will soon be forgiven,  
 And shine again in your place.

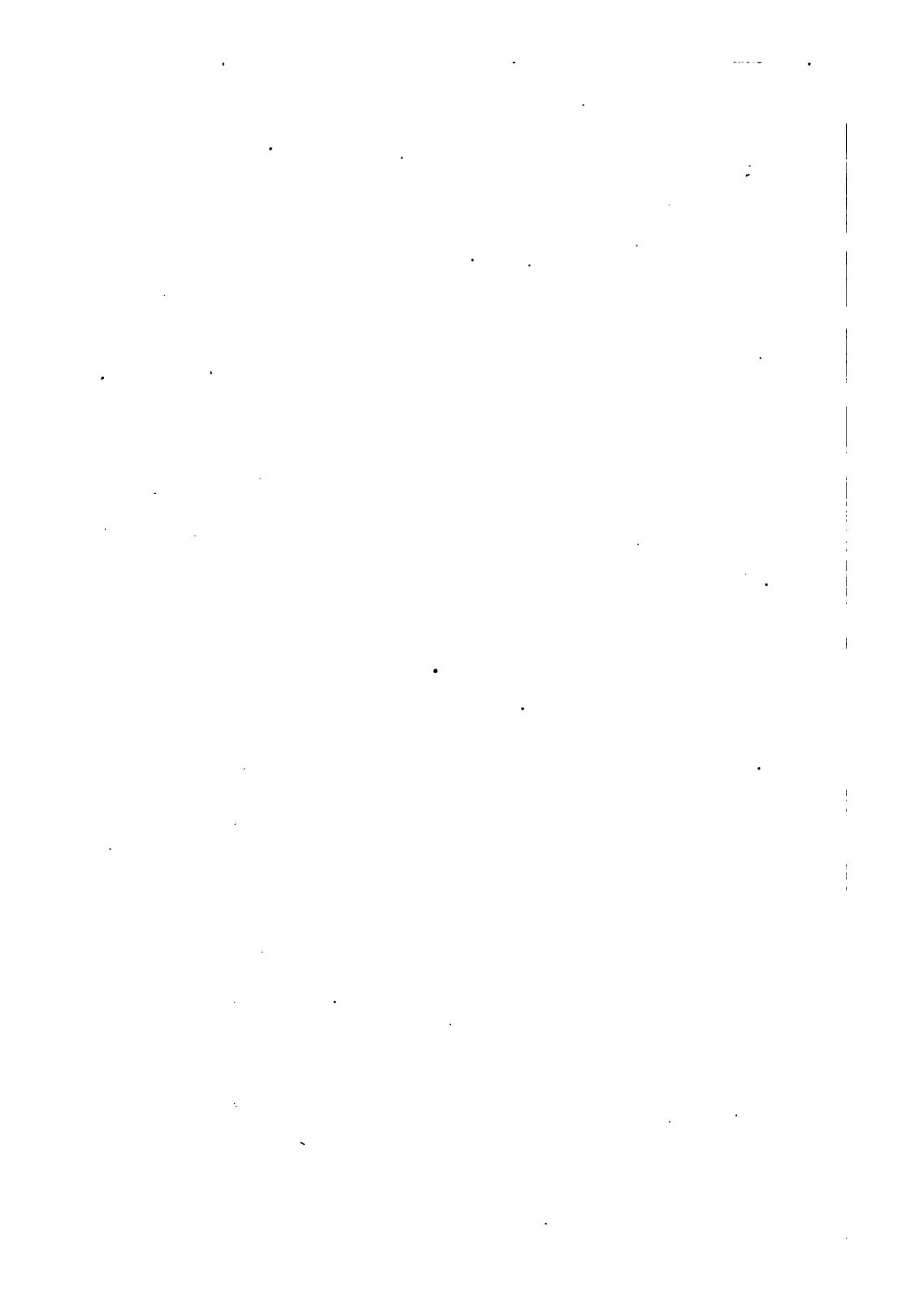
O velvet bee, you're a dusty fellow,  
 You've powdered your legs with gold!  
 O brave marsh mary-buds, rich and yellow,  
 Give me your money to hold.

O columbine, open your folded wrapper,  
 Where two twin turtle-doves dwell!  
 O cuckoo pint, toll me the purple clapper  
 That hangs in your clear green bell!

And show me your nest with the young ones in it;  
 I will not steal them away:  
 I am old! You may trust me, linnet, linnet,  
 I am seven times one to-day.

—JEAN INGELOW.





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